

Bret Harte's Pathetic Story of
Western Emigrant Train.



lodge with another friend of Flynn's, the rooms which from vague sounds appeared to be over a gambling saloon. Clareance awoke late in the morning, and descending into the street to mount the day's journey was startled to find that Flynn was not on the small steamer.

It was a walled house, with red-tiled roofs showing against the dark green venerable pear and fig trees, and a square courtyard in the centre, where they had mounted. A few words in Spanish brought Flyn to one of the lounging peons who admitted them to a wooden corridor and thence to a long, low room, which, Clarence's eyes, seemed literally piled with books and engravings. Here Flyn begged him stay while he sought rest in another part of the building. Clarence did not miss him; indeed, it was he feared, he forgot even the object of his

of course don't remember each other and that ain't much that either of 'em knows about family matters. I reckon," said grimly, "and as your cousin calls himself Don Juan Robinson," he added to Clarence, "it's just as well that you let Jack Brand slide. I know him better than you would've got used to him and he's not too much. At least you'd better," he concluded with his occasional singular travesty.

As he turned as if to leave the room Clarence's embarrassed relative—much that gentleman's apparent relief—the cook up at the latter and said timidly: "May I look at those books?"

They left the room together, and Clare turned eagerly to the shelves. They were old books, some indeed very old, of quaint bound and worm-eaten. Some were in foreign languages, but others in clear English type, with quaint wood cuts and illustrations. One seemed to be a chronicle of battles and sieges, with pictured representations of combatants suited with arrows, cleanly lopped off in limb, or plied over distinctly by visible cannon shot. He was deep in its perusal when he heard the clatter of horse's hoofs in the courtyard.

CLARENCE TOSSED

and the voice of Flynn. He ran to the door, and was astonished to see his friend already on horseback taking leave of his host.

For one instant Clarence felt one of those sudden revulsions of feeling common to all ages, but which he had always timidly denied under dogged demeanour. Flynn was only friend! Flynn, his only boyish confidant! Flynn, his latest hero, was

away—and forsaking him without a word of parting! It was true that he had agreed to take him to his guardian, still Flynn need not have left him with a word of hope or encouragement! Anyone else Clarence would have protested refuge in his usual Indian stouts, but the same feeling that had impelled to offer Flynn his boyish confidence, their first meeting, now overpowered him. He dropped his book, ran out into the corridor, and made his way to the court, just as Flynn galloped out from the arch. But the boy uttered a despairing

"Nothing," said Clarence, striving to keep back the hot tears that rose in his eyes. "But you were going away without saying Goodby. You've been very kind to me, and—and I want to thank you!"

A deep flush crossed Flynn's face. Then glancing suspiciously toward the corridor, he said hurriedly:

"Did he send you?"

"No! I came myself! I heard you going."

"All right. Goodby." He leaned forward as if about to take Clarence's outstretched hand, checked himself suddenly with a

between the departing guests; and his face
lost in which Flynn's eyes flashed with an
odd admiring fire, but when Clarence raised
his head again he was gone. And as
the boy turned back with a broken heart
towards the corridor his cousin laid his
hand upon his shoulder:

"May, *lidalgamento*, Clarence," he said
pleasantly. "Yes, you shall learn Spanish."

CHAPTER VIII.

Then followed to Clarence three unevent-
ful years. During that interval he learned
that Jackson Brant, or Don Juan Robinson—
for the tie of kinship was the least factor in
their relations to each other, and after the

departure. Flynn was tacitly ignored by both—was more Spanish than American. An early residence in Lower California, marriage with a rich Mexican widow, who dying childless left him sole heir, and some strange restraining idiosyncrasy of temperament had quite denationalized this fastidious. A bookish recluse, somewhat superfastidious towards his own countrymen, the more Clarence knew him the more singular appeared his acquaintance with Flynn, but as he did not exhibit more communicativeness on this point than upon their own kinship, Clarence finally con-

[illegible]

bodily ease and comfort, and possibly the fact that he was a good horseman made him a popular hero at El Estero. At the end of three years Don Juan found that this inexperienced young cowboy had already acquired more of the practical ruling of the rancho than he did himself. Also that this unfettered young rustic had devoured nearly all the books in his library with boyish enthusiasm and gusto. He found out that in spite of his singular independence of action, Clarence as possessed of an invincible loyalty of principle, and that asking no sentimental devotion, and indeed yielding no devotion, to his cousin's relationship, he was devoted to his cousin's interest.

But whatever it was, it was some sudden disturbance of Don Juan's equanimity, as disconcerting to himself as it was to Clarence. So conscious was the boy of this that he did not even attempt to elude, but striving in vain to recall some eloquence of his own, he asked with his usual boyish directness:

"Has anything happened? Have I done anything wrong?"

Don Juan returned Don Juan, hurriedly.

"But you see it's time that you should think of your future—or at least prepare for it. I mean you ought to have some more regular studies, and you ought to go to school. It's too bad," he added fretfully, with a certain impatient forgetfulness of Clarence's presence, and as if following his own thought. "Just as you are becoming of ser-

[illegible]

His relations with his grandchildren, now grown to manhood, were of a different nature. Whether they suspected favoritism whether they were conscious of it, I do not know. In a pathetic manner which sprang from his sense of association with his elders, or whether from a desire to be reconciled to the new grounds of his being a stranger I do not know, but they presently passed from cruel to tender. I have never seen a man so profoundly that this gentle and reserved youth had retained certain objectionable rudenesses, but he was so good, so kind, and that violating all rules and disdaining the usual forms of civility, that I could not but be aware, of which he knew nothing, he simply thrashed a few of his equals out of hand, and that he was to be feared, and that he was for the insult happened.

In this emergency, one of the seniors was called to the aid of the youthful scoundrel in his proper position. A challenge was given and accepted, and a warfare with a feverish and surprising result, ensued, and I was witness to his adversary. This was a youth of 18, his name was John, and he was a native of the North. Bathed Clarence's face in his own blood. But the sacrannary charm, to the alarm of the spectators, was broken, and the boy, without pause and unhalloved change in the boy instantly changed with his adversary he was now the aggressor, and he was now the victim, and looking his arm around his neck began to strangle him, till, to the blows that

Boy's Heart Would Not Let Him Kill the Innocent Creature.

ERGUS MACKENZIE had heard that the old Highland exaction of a lad before he could be called a man that he must have killed a red deer, a salmon, an eagle, a seal and a wild swan. Fergus

nex he had practised all his skill on
 old collie lying asleep on the lawn
 he dreaming how his small friend
 snickerboogers with a pogrun in his
 was getting to windward of him
 creeping stealthily within range and then
 dead aim, while the sheep-dog
 ed up with a wink of amusement.
 hen Fergus was 14 his father bought
 of land in the Adirondacks, bordering
 the Upper St. Regis lake, and set up
 p. By this time Fergus was a slim, tall
 with clear, ardent, dark-gray eyes,
 mouth, and well-cut features. His

just it same two hours of the day
ther—in the morning very calm, like
ror, imaging the shores and islands
dian flashing light, as it was ruffled
the wind and the sun shone on the
les.

everybody who has been in the Adirond
ks knows, it is a region of lakes which
attered about singly and in groups
times two or three, linked together by
ow straits, where water lilies and deer
and grow in profusion; then again sep
ed by a few hundred feet or yards of
of forest, through which a path has
cut from shore to shore, and which is
and a "carry," because the guides lift th

that his favorite theme was the hunt. He was a boy, when deer were as plentiful as sheep, and he had been hunting ever since. He was now about 16, he and his father were returning from a bear hunt down the Steaksaw. They were trying to strike a trail through the woods, and were now wading along the rocks and boulders in a gully, between two high ridges. They were so shut off from the sky they did not know it was raining. The rain beat down on the rain beat to fall from such foods that the little stream at once swelled to a raging torrent, and to get out of its course the water cut. He suddenly they had lost their way, and they were in a predicament. It was the important point now, was to hold on some dry wood, make a fire and provide something to supper. As the father said, "I don't know about this, but I'll try my father under a faint exclamation."

[illegible]

He had killed his first buck when he was younger than Fergus. He was crossing from Saranac to Paul Smith's, and while on Bear Lake his father thought he smelled fire in the woods, so went to look it up and put it out, if possible, and left Calvin in the boat lying on the bottom rocking it, looking up at the clouds and sky and hearing the wind in the firs trees. All at once there came the laugh of a loon, and Calvin seized his father's gun, which lay beside him, and peered over the gunwale, still crouching. At the same instant he was frightened out of his senses as he felt some

"Not a shot," returned Calvin. "To begin with, I had no gun with me—but that was only half the reason. A deer must die some time, and it is often my business to shoot a deer that is about to die."

[illegible][illegible]

days, when the snoots of spectators were stuck out like a crowd of snouts, and the water and regularly came to drink. It always seemed to me, when he stood on the brink, as if no had ever been there before. No signs of a foot had ever been there before. The water, just rustled by the breeze, mirrored the clouds and sky. Graceful little birches trailed their boughs in the water; tamaracks, hemlocks, pines and cedars stood up as if they were men; their vigor of growth, never having felt the influence save that of the sun and wind and rain and snow. At the right towered the Regis, shimmering in the August light with a rich, warm, orange color like opals, and blue and emerald.

But instead Fergus dropped his weapon to the side. There was a sudden movement, a shining of boughs and the place was empty. "Why, Fergus?" said Calvin, both disappointed and amazed to find that Fergus had looked curiously into the boy's face and discovered that each bright eye had a "r" in it and that the under lip was quivering. "Oh, Calvin," said Fergus, with a half sob, "couldn't have done it. I couldn't have had the heart to do it. I did not know it was like that. I'd die myself before I'd kill anything so beautiful."

ELLEN OSNEY KIRK.

The Vatican is an enormous building. It is said to contain 4,000 rooms, though it is not known whether this figure is correct. Undoubtedly it does contain a vast quantity of rooms, but it is probable that there are quite 4,000 of them. In the Vatican is the largest collection of books in the world. The finest statues, the greatest paintings, the most valuable antiquities and the rarest books and manuscripts have been gathered here. The Vatican Museums and libraries are freely shown to all visitors who wish to see them. In the courtyard in front of the Vatican Museums, there are also many beautiful courtyards and gardens. The Pope's apartment is on the top floor. He sleeps in a large, bare room, with high ceiling and a tiled floor. Like all

rooms in the Vatican, it has no carpet and is small and plainly furnished. It contains a small table, a chair, a folding sitting desk, a prie-Dieu and two or three chairs. One or two rugs are laid on the floor in winter time and during the day the room is warmed off from the rest of the room by a curtain.

The pope rises every morning at about 6 o'clock, puts on the dress of an ordinary priest, and at 7 o'clock says mass in his private chapel. He then goes to the choir, where he is said by some other ecclesiastic, to which the pope listens while kneeling. These two masses last until about 9 o'clock. Then he takes a cup of chocolate or coffee, says the "bread," and then begins the work of the day.

About 1.30 the pope eats his principal meal. This consists of soup, boiled beef, a vegetable and occasionally a little roast meat. He then takes a glass of a small quantity of generous wine, usually Burgundy. He then dines sometimes ends with fruit, but the pope is so feeble that he is compelled to eat extremely careful as to his diet. He is, moreover, naturally very abstemious, and



LEO XIII.

him. Sometimes the mass is said in the existing chapel, and sometimes in St. S. For many years the pope and his successor, Pius IX., had refused to enter the city, and the pope had to be brought to show themselves in the streets of Rome, but on the occasion of the pope's last year he was so much pleased with the success of the affair that he determined to break through his previous refusal and enter the city. Since then he has quite frequently entered the church. A few of the great ecclesiastical centers that formerly took place in St. Peter's during Christmas and holy week are now to be seen in the Vatican.

age of Leo XIII., together with his physical weakness, renders it improbable that he will live much longer. It will be difficult to find a successor who will command universal respect and esteem as the present pope has gained, even among those who are politically or religiously opposed to him.

W. L. ALDEN.

WHAT IS A BANK?

Postmaster James Tells About Banking Institutions.

I will venture to say that most of my readers would answer that by saying: "It is a place to keep money; the little

they are secured against loss by which the bank has in its own right which is called its capital. If the bank is asked to loan money, it must not simply pocket the loan itself; in other words, it would take the amount from its capital.

There are large banks of deposit of which I am speaking; the depositor receives interest on his money. He finds the use of it, first, because it is a safe place for his money. He can go to his bank house, which thieves might get hold of and carry away, and, second, because he writes out an order or check on the bank, giving it the money he wants. If a person has a merchant, going around a \$10,000 or \$20,000 stuffed in his pocket, he is paid to take it to the person with whom he has a deal; he simply gives them an order—that check—for the amount on the bank where he has deposited his money for safe-keeping.

You may ask me, "How is a bank paid?"

trouble of taking care of the money for their people? One source of the income interest is real estate. If the bank is to reward the depositors from loss a bank is forced to loan only a certain proportion of the deposits. In the Lincoln National Bank we are allowed to loan 75 per cent. of the deposits. The fourth source of income for the fourth must be kept on hand all the time. Under ordinary business conditions a bank can approximate what it is to do with the money of money and should be kept on hand to satisfy the calls of depositors. Once in a while there is what business men call a panic, or a period of sudden fright. In a panic the business men think that the bank is going to fail and they go to its doors and demand their money. If the bank has not enough money on hand to meet this demand it has to suspend or close its doors. In a panic the business men of affairs for a bank, for it has to stand up to the business men of the community with no likelihood of resuming business; people would have no confidence in a bank that did not keep enough money on hand to pay the demands of its de-

Another way a bank makes money: wants \$100 for six months. He bank his note, properly indorsed— must always be understood—and \$97 in cash. At the end of six he pays the \$100 and the bank has by the transaction, or interest at of 6 per cent. per annum. This is discount.

have been found very useful when has to be sent from one place to You live in New York and want 100 from your home to a friend in You give the money to a banker

a vice-president, and a cashier and a board of directors. The president presides at all meetings of the board, notifies the directors when they are to meet, signs the bank issues, and superintends the whole institution. In the absence of the president the vice-president presides at the duties of that office. The cashier is responsible for the money matters, and sees that the clerks properly perform their duties. There are about 10 directors, each one of whom must be a resident of the United States and own in his own right at least 10

He fumbles with some bank moment, and the answer quickly back from the bookkeeper, "418." The paying teller politely informs Mr. Brown that the check is not cashed there must be some mistake. Brown hasn't enough money in the pay the check, and so the check is finally declined.

There are five deposit checks on simulations, many of them located in the city, while others come from out of town.

The latter are attended to by the collection clerk; the former are given to the clearing-house clerk, who is in charge of the clearing-house association of banks.

One of the New York clearing-house men, A. Camp, who commenced life as a clerk. The transactions of this

"After he must know all about the
 and devise a plan of attack and co-
 of which he may be the financial
 and the other party, and the inter-
 about laws bearing upon the issue of
 loans for cities. He must have a
 to judge of the effect on finance
 as movements."

THOMAS L. JAMES.

THE FOOL'S EPIGRAPH.

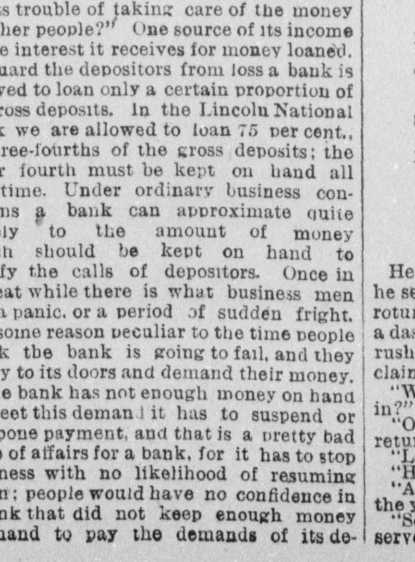
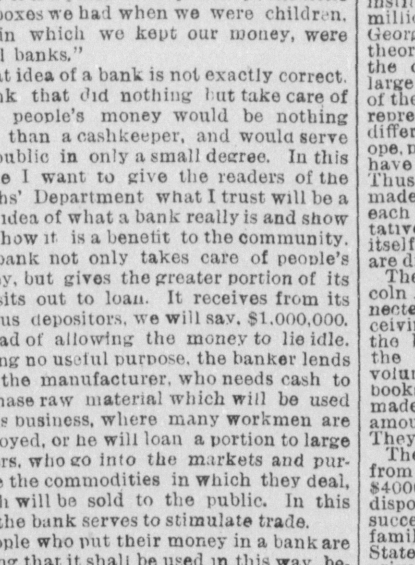
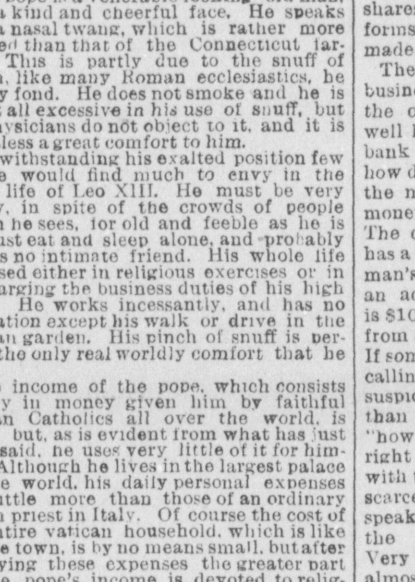
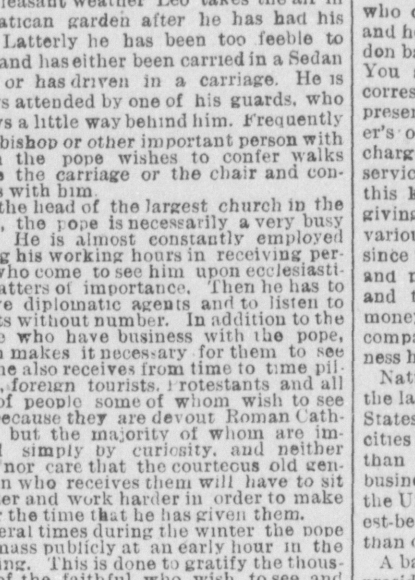
[Arthur Mark Cummings in Life.]
 "You're sweet, sweet knave of cap and bells,
 my brother, and I love the very sound
 I dared to seem the thing he was
 and scorned the hypocrite part.
 I caught "neath his father's weight,
 and my own father's smile. He looks,
 snatched his fingers at life's crown,
 and banded him with the Sphinx,
 "cowards cloak our motley garb
 and the purple of a monarch's robe,
 and greet our brother's ante grin
 till alien looks, ante and cold,
 pale, wan lips would fain deny
 the very perfume of each,
 and the very perfume of each,

TEND.

single in our foolish speech.
 "Then, we lack but thy stout heart
 to scorn the countenouring glance,
 to laugh out mockery, shake our heads
 and join earth's hairy-burly dance.
 "Up well, sweet folk; like thee, we thrive
 on open guile or unconfeined;
 "Whit'til more wise, not half as brave,
 "And, like thee, we have, too, mud, red rust.

Only a Brief Stay.
 ("Omaha Republican.")

As one of those dry old jokers, and as
 and held his portly frame into a Murray
 "rocker for his after-dinner
 "The young man
 up, held out his hand, and ex-
 "I declare, judge, when did you get
 "other day; when did you come?"
 "of the judge"
 "nigh the corner of the Burlington."
 "long are you going to stay?"
 "and my money holds out," chuckled
 "you're going to leave so soon." "Oh,"
 "the judge, without cracking a smile.



use | would extend to all enterprise; while t
nd | express office, the steamship company a

heroes, both for their sake and for our own.
M. J. SAVAGE.

fact of the business is that in New York
city, and I use that as an illustration

like the mosquitoes of New Jersey, is something that cannot be predicted. HOWARD.

disease. Keep the wet cloth over the face nearly all the time until the membrane is gone.



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Smell ice? thought I, with a half look at him, for I believed he was joking. For my part, it felt like I was in a warm blanket. The atmosphere of snow; every fake barbed, and the cold of a bitterness beyond words. He fell a sniffling again quickly and vehemently, and stepped to the side, and said, "You're young, white, big, and strong ahead, whilst I heard him mutter, "There's ice close aboard, there's ice close aboard!"

to them with the object of his visit. All the while he was saying, "What's to be done?" said Sherwood. "I'm looking for a flock of sheep that resembles a sheep hereabouts." Hieys suddenly brightened as they lighted on a fine cove of cooks and bays and he said in tolerably close order to each of the 500 boys:

"Boys," he shouted, "as these chaps can't be made to understand, let's help ourselves. I'll take the first 100 and you 400 the rest for the boat. Follow me." He sprang with

fects of a journey across the continent "the more I travel the more I am afraid of death."

"Why does travelling make you afraid of death?"

"Well, whenever I am engaged in dressing a wound, I feel as if I were a little corpse in a Pullman. I simply think with shudder of what a time I shall have made when Gabriel sounds that awful trumpet."

She said, "I'd like to oblige you with a little more acquaintance, but I don't ask such a thing."

of the neighborhood. The company assembled, the bride was attired in her wedding costume and the supper was waiting. The bridegroom, however, did not arrive until a late hour, however, he accidentally happened along, dressed in his every-day clothes, and being made acquainted with the bride, he was permitted to remain. To the great surprise, stating that he had no notice whatever of the intended wedding. The

Whenever
Scholars
houses, as
amenable
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results:
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